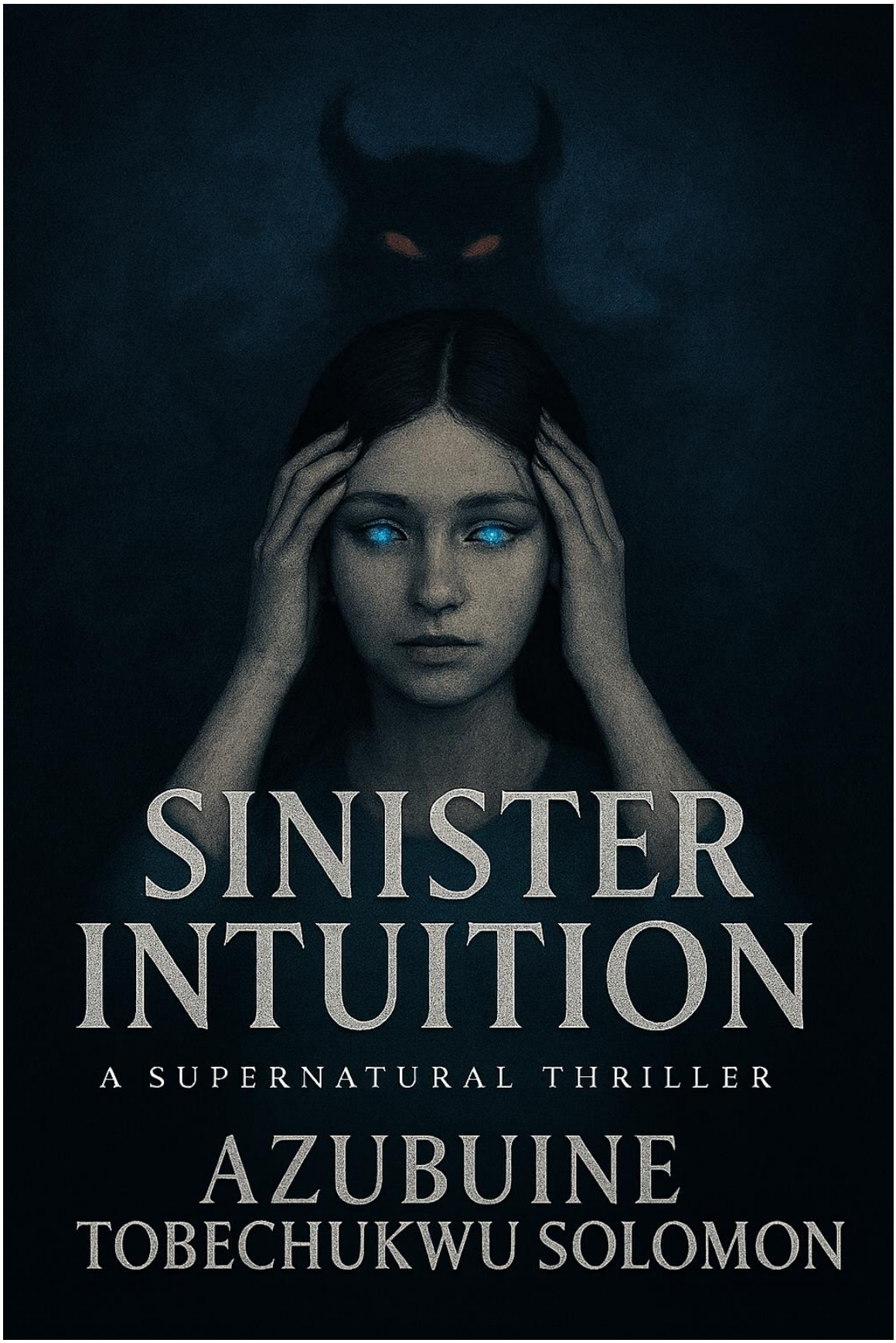
SINISTER
INTUITION
A SUPERNATURAL THRILLER
AZUBUINE
TOBECHUKWU SOLOMON

SINISTER INTUITION

PART 1

AZUBUINE TOBECHUKWU SOLOMON

Copyright © 2025 Your Name

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means without the prior written permission of the author.

Table of Contents

1. Chapter 1: THE GIFT

2. Chapter 2: THE QUESTIONS

3. Chapter 3: THE ATTACK

4. Chapter 4: TRUST

5. Chapter 5: CONFESSION

6. Chapter 6: CONFESSION Pt. 2

7. Chapter 7: CONFESSION Pt. 3

Chapter 1

THE GIFT

Date: MARCH 1, 2025 Time: 7:00 AM

In a suffocating grip of darkness, I sprinted alongside my friend Ashley. Panic coursed through my veins as a grotesque figure chased us, its cold breath seeping into the air. I could feel fear clawing at my throat as I moved faster even surpassing Ashley, my heart pounding violently against my ribcage. Suddenly, I heard a piercing scream, filled with despair. I glanced back, only to see that Ashley had vanished. With a start I woke up gasping for air. The world around me was a familiar bedroom, the soft light filtering through the curtains barely easing my anxiety. I turned to face an old photograph on the wall, a snapshot that captured the joyful spirit of my closest friends still when Caleb was still alive, it was a picture of the four of us—me, Ashley, Caleb, and Cameron—inseparable in our childhood. The realization of Caleb's absence felt like an open wound, always present and painful tears swelled in my eyes, but I resolutely blinked them back. In an attempt to regain my composure, I repeated my mantra: "Light the match, leave the past, burn the ship, and never look back." With those words echoing in my mind, I pushed aside my feelings of loss and prepared for another day of school. I reluctantly rolled off my bed and made my way to class. Upon arriving, an unexpected sight caught my eye—a crumpled piece of paper lay on the ground. As I

bent down to pick it up, I noticed Cameron hiding behind a bush, clearly the culprit who had thrown it.

"What are you doing, Cameron?" I asked, slightly annoyed.

"Nothing. I was just trying to retrieve something from the bush," he replied, avoiding my gaze.

"Mm-hm," I reacted skeptically as I walked away. Oddly enough, ever since Caleb's death, Cameron had been acting strangely, and it troubled me. However, I chose to overlook it for now. Entering my classroom hallway, an unsettling vibe lingered in the air. I found everyone whispering among themselves. As I stepped inside the classroom, their hushed conversation halted and all heads were turned, and all eyes turned toward me, their gazes heavy with judgment. A knot tightened in my stomach. It felt eerie, like the epitome of every whispered rumor, the epicenter of their stares *this can't be happening* I thought. Dismissing their behavior, I approached my desk trying to brush it off, but the weight of their eyes bore down on me like a suffocating blanket, where I spotted Ashley chatting with a classmate. When I called her name, she ignored me, leaving me stunned and uncomfortable. I decided to leave the classroom, feeling increasingly out of place. As I wandered down the road, I felt indifferent about school, knowing that classes were unlikely to happen today. I kept my head down while strolling lost in my thoughts, when I unexpectedly bumped into someone and instinctively screamed. I looked up and found it was Ashley.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, still recovering from the shock.

“I’m just here to apologize for earlier. Did you know

People are saying you’re the one who killed Caleb?” Ashley replied, her eyes wide with concern.

“What?! I can’t believe this! Why would they say something so horrendous?” I exclaimed.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s because you were with him that day,” she said softly.

“I need to find out who’s behind this,” I declared, determination welling up within me.

“But who?” Ashley pressed. At that moment, an unsettling feeling washed over me, a dread that suggested we were being watched. I heard footsteps rustling from behind a bush. Initially thinking it might be Cameron; I glanced over my shoulder, but saw no one. Panic gripped me, and with Ashley at my side, we sprinted back toward the school.

HOURS LATER… I suddenly found myself in a bright space, or was it a dream? I could barely see anything but felt a strong presence nearby. As I focused, I realized I was looking at Caleb. Upon seeing me, he turned on his heel and started to run away. I tried to chase after him but he darted out of reach, no matter how hard I tried. Just then, a loud bell rang, jolting me awake.

“Wake up, girl! School’s over!” Ashley exclaimed as I stood up, disoriented.

Meanwhile, deep within Tartarus (The Underworld), Hades was having a heated discussion with a spectral being.

“Where’s the body?” Hades demanded.

“I couldn’t bring it,” the being replied hesitantly.

“WHAT?!!! What were you doing all this time?” Hades seethed.

“I tried, but it seemed like she knew,” the being stammered.

“If you don’t bring me that body soon…” Hades’ voice dripped with menace.

“I’m sorry, sir,” the being pleaded. “Don’t forget why you’re still alive. You’d better deliver that body, or else!” Hades roared.

“Yes, sir,” the being replied hastily.

“NOW GO! Leave my presence! GET OUT!!!” Hades bellowed, causing the being to vanish from the spiritual realm in a rush.

The next morning, MARCH 2nd 2025. I woke up feeling a heavy sadness hanging over me, the remnants of the dream still lingering in my mind. I longed to talk to Caleb, even if it

was just for a moment, but the reality of his absence brought me back to earth. I reluctantly prepared for school and stepped outside. Suddenly, it felt like I had walked into a void, as if I were no longer on earth. Panic surged through me as darkness enveloped everything. Just as quickly as it had begun, the bright scenery returned, and I spotted someone in the distance. Without thinking, I ran toward the figure, desperate for connection, but as I reached out to touch his shoulder, he vanished as if he'd never existed. Then I heard a voice calling my name. Turning, I was struck by the sight of a spiritual being garbed in a white cloak. The voice sounded hauntingly familiar.

"Who are you?" I asked, fear lacing my words.

"That's not why I'm here," he replied cryptically.

"Then why are you here, and why should I trust you?" I pressed, a mix of skepticism and curiosity bubbling within me.

"It's your choice to trust me or not," he stated calmly.

"I brought you to warn you about something," he said, intensity gleaming in his eyes.

"Warn me about what?" I asked my heartbeat quickening.

"Bad things are going to happen soon, and I want you to be prepared," he stated ominously.

"How am I supposed to prepare?" I queried.

"I will bestow upon you an ability to help," he said, and I felt the weight of responsibility settle on my shoulders.

"What ability?" I demanded, hoping for clarity.

"You'll see. Now, bring your forehead closer," he instructed. I edged nearer, and as his hand touched my forehead, a flash of light engulfed me. Suddenly, I found myself on the floor, dazed and confused. I glanced at my watch—it indicated that school was already over. Returning home, I discovered my parents sitting in the living room, concern etched on their faces.

"Mom, Dad, what's wrong?" I asked, sensing tension in the air.

"What's wrong? What's wrong?! You've been suspended for not attending school for two weeks!" my mom exclaimed emphatically.

"Two weeks?!" I repeated in disbelief, my mind racing.

"You also haven't been coming home. Where have you been?" my Dad questioned, his voice stern.

"Nothing! I've been doing nothing!" I shouted in frustration.

“You're yelling back? Go to your room! NOW!” my mom commanded.

“FINE!!!” I retorted, anger boiling over as I stormed upstairs and locked myself in my room. I knew I had to distance myself from this chaos, but I couldn’t comprehend how I had vanished for two weeks. The earlier encounter with the spiritual being occupied my thoughts. I couldn’t shake off the warning—the bad things were coming. I reached for my phone and called Ashley.

“Hello, Ashley. Is there any chance I could stay at your house?” I asked.

“Yeah, no problem. You can come,” she replied. Packing my belongings, I snuck out of my window and took off, unaware that something was stalking me, concealed within the shadows. Upon arriving at Ashley’s house, I felt a mix of relief and worry.

Chapter 2

THE QUESTIONS

Date: MARCH 16th, 2025 Time: 9:00 PM

I arrived at Ashley's house, my heart heavy with concern. I rang the doorbell, and Ashley opened the door, her face lighting up with recognition.

"Hey, girl," she greeted.

"Hey," I replied, forcing a smile.

"Where have you been? You've been gone for two weeks!" she exclaimed, her voice layered with worry.

"Again with this nonsense. I haven't gone anywhere!" I responded, my frustration evident.

"Calm down," Ashley urged gently.

"Okay, okay, I'm calm," I sighed, easing some tension.

"Get in. You can explain everything later," she said, ushering me inside.

After a while, Ashley sat cross-legged on the floor of her room and encouraged me to do the same.

"So, what's up?" she asked, her expression contemplative.

"Nothing," I replied, but she wasn't convinced.

"You can't tell me nothing happened. I know you," she prodded.

"Okay, okay… something's been bothering me lately," I admitted.

"Don't tell me this is all about Caleb's death," she said, concern evident in her voice.

"No… okay, yes, but it's more than that," I confessed.

"What else is going on?" she pressed. "I feel like we're being watched," I mentioned softly.

"Watched?" Ashley echoed incredulously.

"And you and my parents said I've been missing for two weeks," I continued, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes, you have," Ashley affirmed.

"What I can remember is that, according to you all, two weeks ago, I was going to school, and then I found myself in the spiritual realm," I explained, the memories fragmentary but vivid.

“Exactly, that sheds light on everything,” she interjected.

“How?” I asked, puzzled.

“The time in the physical realm is very different from that in the spiritual realm,” Ashley explained, recalling lessons from last year.

“Oh right, our teacher did mention that!” I exclaimed, surprised.

“So, what happened in the spiritual realm?” she queried.

“I encountered someone in a white cloak. He warned me that bad things would come my way and urged me to prepare, but I’m unsure how,” I expressed, feeling the weight of uncertainty.

“Don’t worry. We’ll figure it out together. For now, let’s get some sleep so we’ll be ready for tomorrow,” Ashley suggested, and I nodded, feeling comforted. I laid a mat on the floor and drifted off as Ashley switched off the lights.

Chapter 3

THE ATTACK

Date: MARCH 18th, 2025 Time: 11:30 AM

Two days after crashing into Ashley's house. It marked a holiday, Ashley and her family planned to visit her grandmother's home for a birthday celebration the next morning.

"So, you guys are leaving tomorrow?" I asked, pretending to be casual.

"Yeah, and I can't stay behind because my mom won't allow it," Ashley replied, disappointment lacing her voice.

"Don't worry; I'll manage," I assured her.

"I guess you're going back to your house" she inquired, concern evident.

"Yeah, yeah. So you're leaving tomorrow, huh?" I prodded.

"Yes, very early," she confirmed.

"Well then, I better pack quickly," I said, already brainstorming a plan.

In Tartarus, the dark figure that had once approached Hades returned to deliver news.

"Any progress?" Hades growled impatiently.

"Yes, I believe I may have the body very soon," the being announced confidently.

"YOU THINK!" Hades retorted, his voice dripping with scorn.

"No, I know I will retrieve it shortly," the being promised.

"Better," Hades replied, contemplating his next move.

Meanwhile, Ashley and I resumed our conversation in her room.

"I can't believe you're actually going tomorrow," I mused.

"Me neither. To be honest, I'd rather not go," Ashley confessed.

"Why not?" I asked, although I suspected the answer.

"I'm just not fond of family gatherings, but it's my grandma's birthday this week," she explained.

"I understand," I said, grappling with my own complicated feelings. Suddenly, an idea sparked in my mind.

“Wait! Can I join you guys on the trip?” I suggested excitedly.

“Are you sure? What about your parents?” she asked hesitantly.

“Nah, they wouldn’t mind. Just go ask your mom if I can tag along,” I urged.

“Okay, but you know you have to tell your parents first,” she reminded me.

“Nah, they won’t mind. I have to go meet Cameron now,” I said, a hint of defiance in my tone.

“Just be careful with that Cameron guy,” Ashley cautioned.

“Calm down. He was your friend before we all drifted apart following Caleb’s death,” I replied.

“Okay, your decision,” she said as I walked away. At a nearby restaurant, I spotted Cameron sitting at a table, looking relaxed.

“Hey, Cleo!” he greeted cheerfully.

“Hey,” I replied.

“How’s everything?” he inquired, tilting his head in curiosity.

“Everything’s fine,” I responded, though the truth weighed heavily on my conscience.

“What about Ashley?” he asked, taking a sip from his drink.

“She’s fine, but she’s traveling tomorrow,” I explained.

“What a bummer. Can we hang out again tomorrow?” he asked, eager and hopeful.

“Here’s the catch: I’m traveling with her,” I admitted.

“What?! Why?” he exclaimed, confusion crossing his features. I had no answer to provide, but before I could respond, my phone rang. It was Ashley.

“Hello?” I answered.

“Cleo, you need to come here now!” her voice crackled with urgency before the call abruptly ended.

“I’m sorry, I need to go,” I told Cameron, urgency stealing my focus. He nodded, a flicker of concern in his eyes, and I dashed back to Ashley’s house.

Once there, I rang the doorbell. Ashley pulled me inside, wide-eyed.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I thought you said your parents wouldn’t mind about you going?” she probed.

“Um, yeah,” I stammered, anxious about revealing my foolishness.

“A bunch of policemen came looking for you earlier! Did you run away from home?” she interrogated.

“No…Okay, yes, but it’s not a big deal! I’ll explain everything later!” I exclaimed, desperation tinged in my voice.

“Okay. It’s your choice. Just know I’m here for you,” Ashley replied, and I felt a swell of gratitude.

“Well, my parents said you can come with us,” she added, and I smiled genuinely.

“Seriously? Thank you!” I said, overwhelmed by her kindness.

That evening, we packed for the trip, and on the

19th of MARCH by 2AM the next day, we found ourselves boarding a plane headed for Ashley’s grandmother’s house. Sleep clung to our eyes as we settled into our seats. As we ascended into the night sky, the plane began to shake. I awoke with a start, breathing frenetic as my surroundings seemed eerily unsettling.

“Cleo! CLEO! Wake up! We’re about to leave, get dressed!” Ashley said, snapping me out of my nightmarish reverie. I shook the nightmare off, dismissing it as an odd coincidence, and went to prepare. Thirty minutes later, Ashley’s family and I embarked on the ride to the airport, luggage in tow. Despite the hour, we managed to arrive by 3 AM just in time to catch our flight as the plane took off.

In Tartarus, the same spectral being came to give hades some news.

“Cameron, good to see you again, any good news” Hades said exposing the beings identity in the underworld expecting good answers,

“Um…I’m afraid I may not be able to bring the body” Cameron said with his heart pounding,

“WHAT?!!!” Hades reacted with fury in his heart,

“She just travelled outside the country to meet her best friend’s grandmother” Cameron said,

“And this is meant to concern me!!!!” Hades roared

“I’m sorry sir…it’s just that…” Cameron said

“It’s just that nothing!!!JUST GET OUT!LEAVE MY PRESENCE!!”Hades yelled with so much anger as Cameron left,

“I’ve been too patient, it’s time to get the body myself” Hades said

On the plane, I began to notice strange occurrences in the cabin. Suddenly, other passengers began to vanish one by one, leaving only Ashley, her family, and me. Panic rose in my throat as turbulence shook the aircraft, and I rushed to the cockpit. When I reached the pilots, I found them unconscious. Desperately, I attempted to take control but was met with a new wave of fear as dark entities began to swarm around the plane.

“Stay calm, everyone!” Ashley’s mother urged, attempting to soothe her frightened children, but I felt paralyzed by dread. Then I was startled as an overwhelming force struck the plane. I watched in helpless terror as the demons pressed against the windows, threatening our existence. Just as quickly as they appeared, they vanished, leaving the passengers bewildered as they returned. The pilots regained consciousness, albeit disoriented, and miraculously, we landed safely.

Chapter 4

TRUST

Date: MARCH 19th, 2025 Time: 6:00 PM

We finally arrived at Ashley's grandmother's house, the backyard alive with decorations for the party. Ashley's grandmother, Cilia, came rushing out to greet us, beaming with joy until she stopped and eyed me suspiciously.

"Who are you?" she questioned, her tone frigid.

"It's my friend Cleo," Ashley quickly interjected.

"I've never heard of you. If you're trying to harm my family, you've messed with the wrong granny," Cilia warned, brimming with indignation.

"Don't mind her. Let's go inside," Ashley said, guiding me into the house. I chose to stay in the same room as Ashley that night.

At midnight, as we lay awake discussing everything that had transpired, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness I came with you," I murmured.

"Why do you say that?" Ashley asked, intrigued.

"Because here, I can escape from all my worries, even my parents," I admitted.

"I don't think so; if demons attacked us on the plane, what makes you think they won't find us here?" Ashley argued, her expression serious.

"Moving from place to place may only put others in danger," she added, and her words hit me hard.

"All we can do now is wait. If the demons attack again, we'll find a way to get back home to fix everything," I replied.

"Okay, I feel like sleeping. It's been a long day. Goodnight," she said.

"Goodnight," I responded, exhaustion creeping in as I closed my eyes. In a shadowy realm, my dream resurrected—a twisted scene where Ashley and I found ourselves running from a malevolent figure. My legs propelled me faster than ever before, and when I heard a scream, I turned to find Ashley had vanished from my sight. Suddenly, I was chained to the ceiling alongside Cameron, surrounded by demons chanting "SACRIFICE! SACRIFICE!" over and over again. I awoke with a jolt, drenched in sweat.

"What happened?" Ashley demanded, her eyes wide with concern.

"It was just a nightmare," I replied, breathing heavily.

“Are you sure?” she continued, studying my face.

“I don’t know. It felt like déjà vu; this nightmare keeps repeating itself,” I said, unease coursing through me.

“What nightmare?” Ashley pressed.

“I can’t remember every detail, but it was terrifying. We were being chased in a dark place,” I stammered.

“Wait, wait… WE! Like me and you? Running from what?” she interrogated.

“I don’t know,” I confessed, “but I’m genuinely scared it will come true.”

“Why do you think that?” she asked, concern deepening.

“Because the last time I dreamed of something, it was about the plane incident—and it came to pass!” I exclaimed, my heart racing.

“Oh my GOD!” Ashley gasped, just before we heard a blood-curdling scream emanating from downstairs.

“That sounded like my grandma!” she exclaimed, fear etched on her face. Without hesitating, we raced downstairs and found Cilia on the floor, eyes wide with terror.

“Grandma, what’s wrong?” Ashley questioned, her voice shaking. Cilia pointed behind us. As we cautiously turned, we were confronted by a grotesque, one-eyed demon wielding a knife. With a primal scream, we fled, but the demon hurled its knife, striking Ashley in the leg. “AAHH!!” she cried, blood oozing out.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, helpless panic coursing through my veins. I quickly picked up Ashley and bound her wound using

torn pieces of my sleeve.

“What about the others?” Ashley panted, her face pale from pain.

“I’ll go back in to get everyone outside!” I assured her. As I re-entered the house in a flurry, I suddenly encountered the cloaked spirit.

“Grab my hand!” he commanded quickly. Without thinking, I reached out, and when his fingers clasped mine, we teleported outside. I hurried back to Ashley, grasped her hand once more, and with a flash, we teleported back home to seek immediate medical attention. 12pm, at the hospital, while Ashley was being treated for her significant wound, I felt the weight of regret settle heavily on my shoulders. Afterward, I slipped outside to clear my mind. Raindrops began to fall, but I didn’t care. My wandering led me back to my house, where bittersweet memories flooded my thoughts.

MARCH 21st 2025, the morning light breaking through the clouds mingled with my troubled heart. I was caught between two worlds, feeling lost. Returning to the hospital, I felt like I was living in a haze. I approached my phone, now buzzing with an incoming call—Cameron.

“Hello?” I answered, my voice barely above a whisper.

“Hey, Cleo! What’s up?” he greeted me casually, yet I could sense underlying tension.

“Nothing much. Just trying to get through,” I replied, forcing a smile.

“How is everything going at Ashley’s grandmother’s place?” he asked.

“Um, about that… I’m not there anymore. I came back yesterday,” I replied, keeping my tone light despite the heaviness in my heart.

“Seriously? Well, can we hang out?” he asked eagerly.

“Okay, yes. Just to clear my mind a bit,” I replied, hoping to cast away the darkness that had enveloped me for so long.

“Meet me at the restaurant nearby,” Cameron instructed before hanging up. After a brief shower, I dressed quickly and made my way to meet him, my thoughts racing.

Meanwhile, in the hospital, Ashley was awakening from her slumber. She found herself under the care of a boy named Marcus, who was diligently cleaning her wounds.

“Ahh! Who are you?” Ashley exclaimed, jolting upright.

“Sorry, my name is Marcus. I’m the son of the nurse here, and I’m here to assist her. I’m 16 and I’ll be cleaning your wounds,” he replied, his tone professional.

“Thanks for the information,” she replied sarcastically, eyeing him wearily.

“What’s your name?” he asked, persistently.

“My name is Ashley,” she responded, now mildly annoyed.

“What’s your age?” he asked again, unfazed by her irritation.

“I’m sixteen!” she replied, exasperated.

“Date of birth?” he continued, relentless in his questioning.

“Enough with the questions! What time is it?” she demanded.

“It’s time for you to rest so I can clean your wounds,” he insisted, unfaltering.

“I see what you’re doing. You’re trying to annoy me, but it’s not going to work. I’m fine. Please hand me the crutches,” she said.

“Wait, wait, for what?” he asked.

“I want to get up,” she replied.

“You can’t do that,” he insisted.

“Watch me,” she challenged, attempting to stand, only to be overwhelmed by pain in her legs. She promptly sat back down. “Okay, please hand me the crutches,” she pleaded.

“No, rest for one hour, then I’ll give them to you,” he replied. “Oh, shoot,” she exclaimed.

As I arrived at the restaurant, I was filled with a sense of anticipation mingled with apprehension. I spotted Cameron at a table, where he welcomed me with a warm smile.

“Hey, Cleo! Glad you could make it!” he said, motioning for me to sit.

“Thanks for having me,” I replied, as we began chatting, we had a long discussion; he treated me to food and took me to various places we had missed out on. During our time together, I began to develop feelings for him. I felt a connection building between us, but then I realized I was being irrational, so I decided to leave.

That night in the hospital, Ashley continued to seek a way to get out of bed when Marcus walked in.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he asked.

“Nothing,” she replied.

“You’re still trying to get up, aren’t you?” Marcus pressed. “Okay, yes. Just help me. Why won’t you assist me?” she implored.

“Because my mom said so,” he responded.

“Okay, you’re the nurse’s son, right?” Ashley asked.

“Yes,” he confirmed.

“Then come with me,” she demanded.

“No,” he stated firmly.

“Why? Please, it won’t take long—pleeeease,” she coaxed. “Alright,” he relented, handing her the crutches. They left the hospital together. As they were walking, Ashley spotted

Cameron and decided to follow him to his house. It was an old place with a broken picket fence surrounding it. As Cameron entered the house, Ashley and Marcus scaled the fence and sneaked in through the back door. While he went upstairs, Ashley felt compelled to investigate the basement.

“Let’s check the basement,” she said.

“What?” Marcus replied.

“Are you scared?” Ashley teased.

“No... Well, okay, yes. This place is super creepy. How can someone live here alone? Where are his parents? This place is freaking me out,” Marcus admitted.

“Let’s go,” Ashley laughed, leading him down to the basement. They discovered various ancient antiques and curious markings on the walls. Suddenly, Ashley spotted a portal to Tartarus.

“Oh my GOD!” she exclaimed.

“What’s wrong?” Marcus asked, startled.

“The portal to Tartarus!” she declared.

“What’s Tartarus?” Marcus inquired.

“The underworld, the Home of Hades,” she explained.

“What’s a Hades?” Marcus queried.

“Oh my GOD, read a book! Hades is the god of the underworld!” she retorted.

“Do you really think your friend works for this Hades character?” Marcus asked skeptically.

“Yes, I genuinely believe he does... and he’s no longer my friend,” Ashley replied, spotting Cameron’s journal on a nearby table. She picked it up and began reading, realizing that Cameron intended to use Cleo as a sacrifice. Before she could finish, however, she accidentally tripped over the table, causing a loud noise that alerted Cameron to their presence. At the sound, Cameron sprinted toward the basement. Ashley and Marcus quickly hid under the stairs, avoiding his gaze. As Cameron turned away, Marcus hoisted Ashley onto his back, grabbed her crutches in his left hand, and fled for their lives. But Cameron caught sight of them, drew a gun, and began shooting, striving to hit them. Fortunately, they managed to escape, leaving Cameron seething with anger and frustration. “Oh goodness, Ashley knows my secret. What if she tells Cleo? I must ensure that doesn’t happen. I need to eliminate her and that friend of hers,” Cameron muttered darkly.

Finally, Ashley and Marcus reached the hospital. Marcus carefully placed Ashley back in her room, where she noticed a wound on his hand.

“Marcus, your hand is bleeding,” she remarked.

“I think I scratched it while trying to escape from Cameron,” he responded matter-of-factly.

“Oh, I’m sorry; this is all my fault,” she said, filled with regret. “You don’t need to apologize. At least now you know Cameron's secret, so you can inform your friend,” he said. “Yeah, but I can’t go alone... especially with this injury on my leg,” she lamented.

“I’ll accompany you and make sure you’re safe,” he pledged. “Thanks, I really appreciate it. We must be cautious because this is huge,” Ashley said.

Chapter 5

CONFESSION

DATE: MARCH 28 2025.

A week later, Cameron texted me, requesting to meet at the park. Unsure whether to go, I hesitated and chose to ignore the message while I pondered my decision. Meanwhile, Ashley and Marcus stood outside the house, attempting to enter when I caught sight of them through the window. I quickly went to open the door.

“Cleo, what are you doing in my house?” Ashley asked, astonished.

“This is the Cleo?” Marcus inquired.

“Yes,” Ashley confirmed.

“Hi, my name is Marcus,” he said, extending his hand.

“Hi,” I responded, feeling a bit awkward.

“Cleo, don’t tell me you’re still trying to run away from your parents,” Ashley said, her voice tinged with concern. Her comment annoyed me, and seeking an excuse, I decided to mention Cameron.

“No, please. I need to go somewhere.”

“Go where?” Ashley asked, her brow furrowing. I snubbed her and kept walking.

“Something’s up with her,” Marcus murmured.

“She’s probably going to meet Cameron. I have to find a way to warn her without Cameron finding out,” Ashley said.

“And we have to be careful; he tried to shoot us before. What do you think he might do next?” Marcus inquired, concern evident in his voice.

“I don’t know. Let’s follow her,” Ashley decided.

“Are you crazy?” Marcus countered.

“We need to do this. Let’s go,” she urged. They trailed me to the park. I finally reached the park and spotted Cameron sitting on a bench. I approached him.

“Hey, Cleo,” Cameron greeted me warmly.

“Hi, why did you call me here?” I asked, curious.

“I just wanted to tell you that no matter what, I’ll always be here for you,” he professed, a serious look in his eyes. Suddenly, I heard a voice yell, “STOOOOP!!!!!” I turned to see Ashley rushing toward us.

“What are you doing here, Ashley?” I demanded.

“Yeah, what are you doing here?” Cameron echoed, eyeing her suspiciously.

“What am I doing here? Cleo, you’re being blinded by this—this Cameron guy!” Ashley exclaimed.

“She’s not lying. This Cameron guy is not a good person,” Marcus added.

“Excuse me, you can’t speak about him like that,” I argued

“Open your eyes, Cleo! Marcus and I infiltrated his house a week ago and discovered that he works for Hades, and he’s trying to offer you as a sacrifice to him,” Ashley continued. “Ashley, Cameron is your friend,” I insisted.

“No, he’s not my friend and he can never be my friend; I can never associate with someone who worships the devil,” Ashley replied emphatically.

“You can’t seriously be saying that. Cameron, is this true?” I questioned him.

“If it were true, why would I sacrifice you? I’m your friend and would never do that to you,” Cameron responded.

“Oh, he’s convincing,” Marcus stated.

“You see, just because you dislike him doesn’t mean you should malign him for such things,” I retorted at Ashley.

“So, you’re suggesting I’m hallucinating?” Ashley challenged. “Well, maybe you are,” I countered as I stepped forward.

“You are in danger; listen to me,” Ashley insisted.

“There’s nothing to listen to,” I replied.

“It’s time for you to make your choice—me or Cameron,” Ashley declared as I walked toward Cameron, inciting Ashley’s fury.

“Let’s go, Marcus; it was a waste of time trying to save her,” Ashley lamented as she and Marcus departed, overwhelmed by anger and sadness.

The following day, I moved out of Ashley’s house due to my anger towards her, but I had nowhere to go, so I sought refuge at the bus stop. I sat down to ponder what the gift from the spiritual being was until I realized that the gift was the ability to see the future, allowing me to prepare for the dangers ahead. I felt compelled to go to the hospital to inform Ashley,

but I was too upset to face her. Then, all of a sudden, Cameron sent me a text asking me to meet him in the forest to investigate Caleb's death. Immediately after receiving the message, I contemplated Ashley's warnings about him, but I had nothing else to do and nowhere else to go, so I went to meet him.

In Tartarus, Hades sat on his demonic throne as Cameron approached him, delivering news.

"What brings you here?" Hades inquired.

"I have a plan to obtain the body," Cameron replied.

"And what is that plan?" Hades asked.

"The body belonging to Cleo has a friend who is obstructing my plans," Cameron stated.

"So…?" Hades reacted.

"That's why I need your assistance; please grant me one of your demons to accompany me in executing my plans," Cameron requested.

"Very well," Hades agreed, dispatching one of his demons to follow Cameron.

Chapter 6

CONFESSION PART 2

DATE: MARCH 29, 2025.

I was already at the forest waiting for Cameron to arrive, but he was late, which was unusual. At the hospital, Ashley was despondent as Marcus did his best to comfort her, mourning the loss of a friend. Suddenly, the spiritual being appeared to warn Ashley.

“Who are you?” Ashley asked.

“I’m the one who saved you and your friend from that demon incident at your grandma’s house, but that’s not my purpose here; I’m here to warn you about your friend being with Cameron—she’s in danger,” the spirit said.

“I should save her! She chose Cameron over me, and if I try to warn her, she won’t listen to me like the stubborn brat that she is.

“Your friend is in peril—save her,” the spirit urged.

“No, I won’t, and I will never save her, after what she did to me,” Ashley declared defiantly.

“I think you should heed his words; Cleo is in danger, and you’re the one who can save her,” Marcus stated.

“NO! It’s final,” Ashley declared.

“Well, since you refuse to save your friend, in case you change your mind, she is currently in the forest,” the spirit warned before vanishing.

That night, I remained in the forest searching for Cameron but couldn’t locate him. As I was about to leave, I spotted Cameron approaching, and I felt a pang of annoyance due to his tardiness, which I decided to overlook.

“What were you doing? I’ve been waiting for you all day,” I said.

“Sorry, I had to handle something,” he replied as I heard rustling from the bushes. Cautiously, I went to investigate but found nothing. I felt a surge of fear, but Cameron remained calm. Suddenly, Ashley and Marcus came running from the other side.

“What are you doing here?” Cleo asked.

“I’m searching for the fool who just betrayed me, and guess what? Leave Cameron now or become an even bigger fool than you already are,” Ashley warned.

“At least… that fool… i_i_is better than you,” Cleo retorted, attempting to make a comeback as Ashley began to walk away. Suddenly, loud rustling emanated from the bushes, and red eyes pierced through the darkness. I sprinted past Ashley and Marcus, and they joined me,

oblivious to the danger, yet eager to understand what was occurring. I continued to flee from the ominous figure when, all of a sudden, Marcus vanished, leaving Ashley and me alone. I ran faster and faster, even quicker than Ashley, when I heard a blood-curdling scream. Looking back, I noticed Ashley was also gone.

Deep within the dungeons of Tartarus, Cameron roamed, observing those trapped inside as he locked Ashley and Marcus in a cell.

“What do you want from us?” Ashley demanded.

“You’re quite foolish, aren’t you?” Cameron chuckled.

“You’ll pay for this!” Ashley shouted.

“I’ll pay for this? You were the one who wasn’t a good friend, right?” Cameron replied.

“She was a great friend to Cleo; you are the evil one and don’t deserve to be called a friend,” Marcus stated boldly.

“Oh really? You’re pathetic and will always be pathetic,” Cameron mocked as he reached through the bars and began to strangle Marcus.

“Stop it! You haven’t even answered my question—what do you want with us?” Ashley pressed.

“I don’t need you for anything; after all, you were always useless,” Cameron said dismissively.

“Then why did you imprison us?” Ashley asked.

“I locked you in here because I intend to complete my master plan, which was thwarted by your incessant meddling,” Cameron explained.

“Seriously, I really care, but I did enjoy the part where you said I ruined your plan—after all, the schemes of an idiot will never succeed,” Ashley asserted.

“Oh really? You’ll see,” Cameron said before vanishing.

“Um, where did he go?” Ashley asked.

The next day, 30th of MARCH…I was taking a stroll down the street, contemplating the events of the previous night, when Cameron ran toward me and asked if I was okay.

“I’m fine. What happened to Ashley and Marcus?” I inquired with genuine concern.

“They’re fine; everything that occurred last night was just a harmless prank,” Cameron assured me.

“Really? But I thought Ashley despised you,” I said.

“We set our differences aside,” Cameron replied.

“Oh, it’s good to hear that you two have reconciled,” I remarked.

“Yeah, isn’t it? Let’s go to the restaurant,” Cameron suggested as we headed to the restaurant.

AT NIGHT...

Deep within the dungeons of Tartarus, Ashley and Marcus were in a state of panic, feeling as if all hope had slipped away.

“This is dire,” Ashley remarked.

“I know, and Cleo is in danger,” Marcus replied, his voice tinged with urgency.

“Do we really need to involve her in this?” Ashley questioned, distress clouding her judgment.

“Don’t say that; she’s your friend,” Marcus urged, trying to remind her of their bond.

“Yeah, right—a friend who stabs you in the back for some ridiculous demon freak,” Ashley retorted bitterly.

“Okay, if you feel that way,” Marcus said, his exasperation evident.

“Spiritual being, where are you? This would be a perfect time for you to make an appearance!” Ashley called out, desperation creeping into her voice.

The darkness around them seemed to thicken, amplifying their fears as they awaited a response.

Chapter 7

CONFESSION PART3

DATE: MARCH 31st 2025.

At the park, Cameron and I were having a little talk

“Thanks” I said

“For what?” Cameron asked

“For being a good friend” I said as I hugged him

“You’re welcome” he said as I had a question in my mind

“How did you and Ashley settle things out?” I asked waiting for an answer

“Well… uh, we realized that, uh… we set our differences aside” Cameron said as he tried to be economical with the truth

“oh-Kay… nice to hear that” I said as I managed to believe

“Phew” Cameron reacted quietly thanking goodness that he just escaped on that one

“So… where’s Ashley and Marcus” I asked seeking for their presence

“Hmm!” Cameron reacted

“where are they”, if you guys planned the whole prank, you should know where they are, am I right?” I asked

“I don’t know where they are, after the prank we parted ways and went home” Cameron said

“Which means Ashley’s at home, I better go visit her?”

“NO!” Cameron reacted

“Uh are you okay?” I asked for clarity

“nothing, it’s just that… why disturb her, she’s resting at home because of the huge stress yesterday and besides, do you want to waste this precious moment?” Cameron said hoping that I would stay

“It’s just that I feel bad because of what I did three days ago, I chose you over my best friend, no offense” I said

“None taken” he responded

“ I was just angry because she was blaming you for worshipping the devil and I guess it was all an illusion, you said you settled things with her which means you don’t actually serve the devil but at that time she didn’t know and I yelled at her, I was a bad friend” I said regretting my lack of sympathy

“see… you’re a great friend, and everyone knows that, you’re the one that brought our friendship group together, although Caleb is dead, he’s memory still stays within us because of you, and if you ask me, I think no matter how much you offend someone there’s no reason for them to get angry because of how great you are” Cameron stated firmly

“you think so?” I asked feeling touched

“I know so” Cameron responded

“really… thank you” I said as I embraced him

“thanks for everything” I said as the feelings started coming back.

In Tartarus, Cameron approached hades as hades wanted to tell him something.

“Cameron, I have news” hades said

“And what is it, my lord?” Cameron asked

“The sacrifice will be held tomorrow” hades responded

“um-about that… that can’t happen” Cameron said

“WHAT!!” hades yelled

“Sorry sir but that can’t happen” Cameron said

“What do you mean THAT CAN’T HAPPEN” HADES roared

“Do we really need to sacrifice her, after all we have Ashley to sacrifice

“We are not changing anything just because of one girl. Don’t tell me that...”

“Yes, I love her and I won’t allow anyone to sacrifice her, I know I’m the one that chose this but I don’t want it anymore” Cameron said

“So you don’t want your life huh. Bring her by tomorrow or else” hades said

“Or else what?” Cameron reacted as he left hades’ presence

Time: 12:00 AM

Deep within the cold, damp confines of Hades's dungeon, Ashley and Marcus huddled together, whispering hurriedly.

"Can you believe it? Cameron actually locked us up here," Ashley fumed, her eyes darting across the dimly lit space. "We need to find a way out!"

Marcus leaned closer, trying to assess their surroundings.

"There has to be a key or something. We can't let him use us as pawns in his game. Cleo is in danger!"

Suddenly, a dark shadow flickered in the corner of the dungeon, and a sinister chuckle echoed off the stone walls.

"Did you think you could escape so easily?" The voice was unmistakably Hades's.

"Let us out!" Ashley shouted defiantly, though fear pulsed through her veins.

"Oh, sweet girl, you misunderstand. You're not going anywhere until the time is right," Hades replied, his eyes gleaming maliciously.

As he turned to leave, Ashley gripped Marcus's arm.

"We have to hold on. There has to be a way to escape."

Meanwhile, in the relatively safer realm above, Cameron and I sat together in the park, the sun setting behind us, unaware of the darkness creeping closer.

Cameron's heart raced as he looked over at me. With each passing moment, he felt something stirring within him—a warmth that defied logic.

"Cleo, I know we've had our differences, and I..."

Before he could finish, Hades' presence suddenly loomed over them, his silhouette darkening the golden sky as he teleported them to the underworld.

"Enough of this! Cleo belongs to me," he hissed, his voice dripping with malice. I jumped, instinctively moving closer to Cameron. "What do you want, Hades?"

"I want what I paid for—your sacrifice," he rumbled.

Cameron stepped forward defiantly, adrenaline surging through him. "No! You can't have her! I won't let you!"

Hades seemed amused.

"Ah, the boy thinks he can defy me. But remember, Cameron, this was your deal." He grinned wickedly, savoring the discord. Cameron's face twisted in anguish. "I—No! I want to change the deal. She doesn't deserve this!"

Hades laughed mockingly. “You think I will grant you mercy? You forgot who holds the power here. She’s an essential part of my plans, and I won’t let you ruin it.”

Just then, dark tendrils shot out from Hades’ figure, attempting to ensnare both Cameron and i. Cameron sprang into action, trying to push me out of the way, but the shadows struck like lightning, wrapping around him.

“No! Cameron!” i shouted, panics flooding my voice.

“Cleo, I—” Cameron began, but the darkness seeped into his mind and sent shockwaves of pain through him. Hades stepped closer, his lips curling into a sinister grin.

“Do you confess what you’ve done, Cameron?” he demanded, glancing at me. “Tell her the truth.”

With supreme effort, Cameron fought against the tendrils, gasping as they tightened around him. “I—” he stammered, his resolve wavering. “I was jealous! I was angry that you and Caleb had become so close, and I—”

Hades leaned in, urging him on. “Oh, this isn’t the whole truth, is it, Cameron? You know what I want you to admit!”

Cameron clenched his jaw, his eyes pleading for my understanding. “I… I wanted to drive a wedge between you and Caleb. I thought... If I could make you feel alone, I could take his place so I killed him, after I killed him I felt bad. That’s when I met hades and he granted me time to seek my revenge on you because my love for you made me to kill a friend that was like my brother and I tried to blame it on you. I was… the villain all along.”

My heart shattered at his words. “Cameron, it doesn’t have to be this way,” i said, desperation in my voice.

But before he could respond, Hades lifted his hands, summoning a dark portal behind him. “And now, my dear Cleo, your time has come.”

As he spoke, a fierce clash erupted beyond the darkness, the air crackling with energy. The Spiritual Being emerged from the rift, surrounded by brilliant angels, their radiant forms shining like beacons against Hades’ shadows.

“Enough of your tyranny, Hades!” The Spiritual Being’s voice boomed, echoing powerfully. “You will not take her. Not now, not ever!”

The battle raged, angels clashing against demons, the very ground shaking beneath their fury.

Amidst the chaos, Ashley and Marcus, having fought their way free from Hades’ dungeon, rushed toward the fray. “Cleo! We’re coming!” Ashley yelled her urgency clear.

I looked up, hope blooming in my heart. “Ashley, Marcus!” I cried.

Cameron, still caught in the grips of darkness, gazed longingly at me, his heart heavy with regret. “I’m so sorry,” he whispered, but no one could hear over the clash of war.

Hades roared, enraged by the interference. “You think your pitiful angels can stand against me? This is my domain!”

But just as hope flickered in Cameron’s heart, it was snuffed out by the crushing reality of his situation. “I was a coward…” he thought, realizing the weight of his choices.

As Ashley and Marcus fought their way through the fray, they found me. I was already channeling the light from the Spiritual Being, amplifying its brilliance.

Together, they stood united. “We won’t let you take her!” they shouted in unison, their voices ringing true.

However, Hades laughed, mocking their unity. “It’s too late for him!” he declared, raising his arms as dark energy swirled around Cameron.

Suddenly, the brightness from the Spiritual Being erupted, condensing into a force of purity that blasted against Hades. The sheer force of it staggered him, and in that moment, Cameron felt the darkness loosening its grip.

“Cleo! RUN!” he yelled, his last act of defiance.

But the shadows clung to him, and even as the angels pushed against Hades’ dark forces, Cameron’s fate was sealed. He was pulled deeper into the shadows, his cries mingling with the chaos of the battle.

The brilliant light surged, illuminating the space, pushing back the darkness. Guardians of hope clashed fiercely with the denizens of the Underworld in that pivotal moment, as Ashley and Marcus led Cleo to safety.

“Cameron! No!” i screamed, but i had to keep moving. Ashley took my hand, guiding me away from the darkness as Hades roared in defeat.

As the war raged on, the darkness began to retreat, the light flooding the area. Hades, enraged, was pulled back, his shadows losing ground rapidly. His final cries echoed as he slipped back into the depths, leaving Cameron trapped within the dark as we teleported back to the physical realm.

The battle concluded with the Spiritual Being emerging victorious, but the cost weighed heavily on every heart.

Ashley, Marcus and I stood panting, hearts pounding and eyes glistening. We had triumphed, but at what cost?

“Cameron—he… he’s gone,” i whispered, despair tainting my voice.

“No, he made his choice,” Ashley reassured softly. “What he did was wrong, and he knew it. We should remember that.”

I hung my head, tears spilling down my cheeks. “But he was still lost…”

“Let’s honor him by continuing our fight,” Marcus said gently, placing a hand on my shoulder. “He sacrificed everything to protect you. We can’t let that be in vain.”

I nodded, steeling myself with newfound determination. We had survived the darkness for now, but it would be a long road ahead. The consequences of the war were only beginning to unravel, and we would face whatever came next, together.

As we walked back into the light, the horizon shimmered with promise—a glimmer of hope in a world rattled by darkness.

Time: 7:00 AM

As the first light of dawn broke through the thick fog, Ashley, Marcus and i found ourselves standing at the edge of the park where just hours ago, we had been plunged into chaos. The air was eerily still now, heavy with the remnants of battle yet illuminated by a beautiful sunrise.

My heart still ached for Cameron, the shadows of regret lingering in my mind. We had been friends, and even though he had betrayed me, a part of me mourned the loss. I thought about the darkness he had succumbed to, realizing with a pang of sadness that his choices had led him down a treacherous path.

“I can’t believe he’s really gone,” i finally said, my voice barely above a whisper.

Ashley placed her hand on my shoulder, squeezing it gently. “He might be lost to us, but we need to remember the good times, the moments that made him who he was before darkness took him,” she said softly.

Marcus nodded in agreement. “Cameron was misguided, but he tried to protect you, Cleo. That shows he cared in his way.”

I wiped a tear from my eye, determined to focus on our next steps. “We need to be prepared. Hades isn’t going to give up so easily. If he returns, we have to be ready.”

Marcus stepped forward, his expression serious. “From now on we should seek out the Spiritual Being for guidance. It’s vital we learn what we can do to protect ourselves and our loved ones from Hades’ influence.”

I clenched my fists, resolute. “Let’s do it. For Cameron and for everyone else who might suffer if we don’t.”

As we turned to leave the park, the sun climbed higher in the sky, bathing us in warmer light.

We headed back to our families with joy. Although mine were a little angry, they were still grateful that I returned home. Ashley's family just came back from cilia's house. Marcus went off with his mom at the hospital and everything went great.

But I could feel the shadows of my past lurking just beyond reach. For that moment, I was determined to find solace, to unravel the threads of my tumultuous life, all while confronting the dangerous trials that lay ahead.

Conclusion

Though the tumult of my life continues, the resolve to confront what looms ahead only grows stronger.